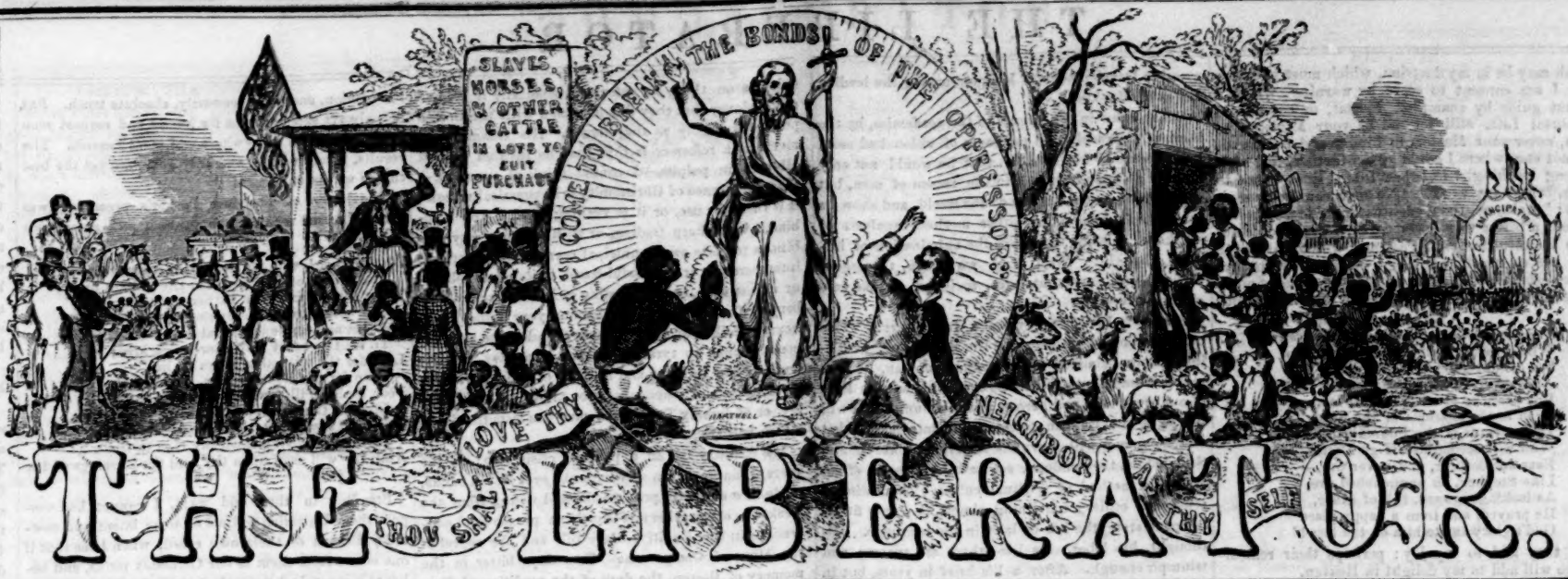


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The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,
Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Soci-
eties are authorized to receive subscriptions for this
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The following gentlemen constitute the Finan-
cial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the
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ward Everett, Edmund Jackson, and Wendell
Phillips.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.
VOL. XXX. NO. 25.
BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1860.
WHOLE NUMBER, 1539.



NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.
The United States Constitution is "a covenant with
death, and an agreement with hell."
The free States are the guardians and essen-
tial supports of slavery. We are the jailers and con-
stable of the institution. . . . There is some excuse
for communities, when, under a generous impulse,
they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States,
and by force restore their rights; but they are without
excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an
unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN
FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWEARED FROM THE
RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a cen-
tury, see the path of duty more clearly than they,
and must walk in it. To this point the public mind
has long been tending, and the time has come for look-
ing at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and
Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union
can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving
of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be
perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it
can only continue through our participation in wrong
doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.
— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

MR. SUMNER'S POSITION DEFINED.

The question raised as to Mr. Sumner's political
position has been settled definitively. The Republican
Legislature of Massachusetts, which was called together
may days ago to legislate on the cow disease, last
night passed resolutions defining Mr. Sumner's politi-
cal position, and legislating him to the position of the highest
rank. This was done in order promptly to rebuke
those who in New York, by their silence,
implied and open assertions, undertook to make
people believe that the Senator from Massachusetts
was not a Republican — that the Republicans, as a
party, were not responsible for what Mr. Sumner
had decided this controversy; and decided it in such
a way as not to leave doubt. The decision is more
clear than the protection of the Republic. It has
been decided that Mr. Sumner is a Republican in
good standing, but that he is not a Republican in
the sense in which the N. Y. Times de-
nounced him. The Tribune would not read, and
the Courier & Enquirer characterized as an
"Abolition" performance. The Times' denunciations
were deserved, the Tribune's silence was an
indication of "civil prudence," but the Courier's
characterization was unjust and improper. Mr.
Sumner is no more an abolitionist than those who
support him; and we have the authority of the
Legislature for this. The accredited and hitherto
trusted agent of the Republican party of New
York may undertake to pooh-pooh Mr. Sumner and
his late speech; but the Legislature of Massachu-
setts endorses him and it. — Boston Courier.

The endorsement of Mr. Sumner's speech, by the
Black Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, is
an adoption of the rank of abolitionism, the support-
ers of Lincoln and Hamlin. It accepts Garrison as
the Black Republican prophet and leader, with all
his diabolical heresies, and gives unequivocal assent
to his avowed that the United States Constitution
is a covenant with death, and an agreement with
hell. Sumner's speech contained the highest eulogy
of Garrison he could utter, and the Black Republi-
cans of Massachusetts place their seal of approbation
upon what Sumner said, by solemn Legislative
resolutions, which they direct to be sent to the officers
and members of the National Legislature. Thus
has Garrison Abolitionism been formally adopted as
Black Republicanism, and what the Massachusetts
Legislature has joined, let no man put asunder. Now
we have Black Republicanism in its pure state,
without mask or disguise, as it is now ad-
mitted to be the twin brother of Garrison-Phillips
Abolitionism, united by the strong link of com-
mon, formal, Legislative declaration. The people
will clearly understand that it is not the "rail-split-
ter" they are asked to look to, but the Union-
man with Abolitionism for his wedge. — Boston
Post.

Mr. Sumner's speech has made a bad impression.
There are none who do not regard it as ill-timed and
ill-judged in every respect. Friends wish what he
said had been useful, and deeply regret the want of
a common sense, and the North, whether justly or
not, is entitled to a time when practicality is in
special demand. It illustrates no less his total
unfitness for public station than his utter inaptitude
for political warfare. It justifies his party with
holding him in his case. Friends are disappointed
by it in an extreme degree, and are justly sym-
pathy which circumstances had enlisted in his be-
half, is changed to a virulent flow of hostility
towards him personally, and towards the sectional
sentiment which he assumes to represent. It un-
makes Republicanism, and strips it of its noblest
advocates depended for success. It is an insidious
and faithless blow at the Constitution, and in its
invariable impact is thoroughly disunion. In his
inaction at Faneuil Hall, against the Fugitive Slave
Law, Mr. Sumner showed the people that measure
which virtually annulled and repealed the
Stamp Act — a case in no sense anomalous, be-
cause without any constitutional warrant whatever.
"But, mind you," he added, "I do not counsel vi-
olence." Now, while ostensibly deprecating the
violence which the advocates of the people's rights
institutions, his speech is the essence and aggre-
gation of doctrines which can have no realization but
in the overthrow of the Constitution and the dis-
ruption of every national bond. The speech, in a
word, has added rancor to the entered feeling of
the South, and the North, whether justly or not,
will be held responsible for its repugnant and un-
friendly sentiments. The Republican party will
have something to do to counteract its effects upon
their prospects in the approaching campaign. —
Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier.

Charles Sumner's recent speech is a curiosity that
has no parallel, at least on our Senatorial record.
Politeness, equanimity, fatuousness, malice,
rapidity and verbosity stride and emblazon it with
disgusting conspicuousness. His chronic distemper,
his implacable hatred of South Carolina, poisons
almost every paragraph, and struts throughout with
indignation and the full force of his vituperative
arrogance is poured out from South Carolina, the
late Palmetto State, envenomed with the sacred
murmurs of Fort Moultrie and Camden and Cam-
den, and whose history towers proudly among the
clouds. Well, indeed, may Massachusetts blush,
as her memory reverts to the days when Webster
and Chace honored the chairs now occupied by
Sumner and Wilson. Well may she supplicate for
the spirit that animated her then, and made her
responsive to the mandates of the Constitution in
the days of Thomas Jefferson, as she witnesses
the debasement of her once brilliant history — as she
allows her sentiments to be misunderstood by the
palmed misrepresentation of Sumner and the sin-
gle, as she perceives the malignant address of Sena-
tor Sumner, that her views are assumed to be re-
futed by the frenzied declamation of the
Abolitionist theologian than the dispassionate, ar-
bitrative logic of the practical statesman; more
the fanaticism of the opinionated moralist than
the self-immolating spirit of the true patriot. The
speech of our Senatorial exaltation makes apt the
lines that,
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
— Boston Post.

SELECTIONS.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS,
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION,
Delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives,
May 31, 1860.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—On the third day of the present
session, a gentleman from Mississippi, distinguishing
himself by his peripatetic of statement, but in a spirit
more defiant than to my untutored sense seemed to
be called for by the occasion, used the following
language:—
"One gentleman said he had brought the negro into
this country, and that he must be put out. Let us see
you do it."
There are twenty members from the South
standing upon the floor by virtue of the negro, not
standing, but as "persons not free." Put them out,
will you? Sir, your fathers and my fathers did not
put the negro out. They put him, as an institution
of property, and of government, and of commerce,
in the Constitution which you gentlemen swore to support.
Of course, this putting in of the negro is a mere
figure of speech. If I were veritably here in
persona, I presume nobody would be more
indignant than the gentleman himself. No. It is
the master who stands here "by virtue of the negro."
And it is in this sense that the gentleman's argu-
ment is forcible; for in this sense it is true. We cannot
put the negro out. This remark serves as a com-
plete stopper to all the erudition and recrimina-
tion so freely indulged in between parties on the
subject — which of the two first brought the
negro in. Let them rest quiet hereafter on this
topic. The negro was in before they began to talk
about him at all. He may stay in, whether they
choose to talk about him or not. He will grow in
more and more, even while they are sleeping. To
deprecate the misfortune is as idle as to complain of
the fact. He says that twenty members stand upon
this floor "by virtue of the negro." If this were so,
I should be glad to see and to identify them — to
separate them, and to define the precise limit of the
political power which the Constitution has thus
conferred. Twenty members would constitute
insufficient element in the struggle which will
always be carried on for the attainment of power in
every free government. But the negro is dwarfed
when he is measured only by the scale of twenty
members. The real fact is, that "by virtue of the
negro," twenty members stand upon this floor, each
one of whom derives a sufficient proportion of his
political vigor from that source to sustain him firmly
as the pole, to the maintenance of a policy which
will keep the negro before our eyes, whether we
determine to look upon him or not.
Neither does the proposition of the gentleman
stop at this point. Time does nothing to
diminish the magnitude of this experiment. On
the contrary, it makes it only more and more colossal.
One gentleman, at this session, in venturing to stretch
his range of vision only a quarter of a century,
thought he saw eight millions; whilst another,
in a bolder spirit, doubling the period, imagined
the presence of the existence of sixteen millions.
Yet what are fifty years in the record of the exist-
ence of a great nation? I think I have seen, in
the printed remarks of a distinguished member of
this House, a calm anticipation of the time
when his section of country might contain a popu-
lation of two hundred millions of negro slaves!
How many members, I ask, will then stand upon
this floor, "by virtue of the negro"? The imagina-
tion recoils from the idea of a government, profess-
ing to be founded on human freedom, and yet con-
taining within itself all the ramifications of a power
capable of being as absolute as any oriental des-
potism. And yet it would be difficult to point out
the error in this prognostication, always supposing
the current of human life to run in its ordinary
channel. "Put the negro out," says the gentleman
from Mississippi. "Put the negro out," says the
man, I know not what other answer to give
than his own words, "Let us see you do it."

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

But the gentleman says that "his fathers and my
fathers put him in the Constitution, which we are
sworn to support." So they did, in one sense, I am
ready to admit. Let me consider for a moment the
way they did it. Was it not by creating, through
him, in the legislative department of the govern-
ment, a steady and permanent political power, ex-
ceeding at this moment one-third of the gross num-
ber of its lower branch? I say nothing here of the
other features of the system. But I only ask, if it
was so, happened that any the other well-known
interests of property, such as the agricultural, or
the manufacturing, or the commercial, or the bank-
ing interest, had secured anything bordering upon a
similar influence in the public councils, would it
not naturally have awakened our attention, and
excited some uneasiness? How can we measure the
power of three or four, of twenty, or of two hun-
dred millions of human beings held in slavery, "by
virtue of whom, not as property, but as persons not
free," to the use of the gentleman's phrase, one section
already controls more than a third of the popular
branch, nearly one-half of the aristocratic branch
of the Legislature, more than half of the Cabinet
officers in the executive department, and five out
of nine of the judges of the supreme judicial tribunal?
Apportion the increase of population, according
to the Constitution, as you may, concede to the
free regions all advantage in relative growth that
you can, the stern fact yet remains of the constant
presence of an influence, animated by one will, and
looking to one purpose — that is, the preservation
of its claims, both to the pecuniary and the political
advantages it holds "by virtue of the negro."
Even if counted in the secondary light of a com-
mercial corporation, we have been told this session,
by a distinguished member from Alabama, that the
joint stock of capital, even now, amounts to the
enormous sum of \$3,500,000,000; and, unlike most
other corporations, this capital is not only suscep-
tible of constant enlargement, but is constantly en-
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single species of what is denominated property, with
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It is of the nature of power, when con-
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maintain it, and he is particularly true. No man, or set
of men, can hope to direct and control it at a great
while, without stirring up fears that they may abuse
their privileges, to the injury of their fellows. Now, if
it be conceded that such a power has been
granted to the slaveholder, it is a duty to guard
against its abuse. It is not necessary to show proof
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one of whom derives a sufficient proportion of his
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as the pole, to the maintenance of a policy which
will keep the negro before our eyes, whether we
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Neither does the proposition of the gentleman
stop at this point. Time does nothing to
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One gentleman, at this session, in venturing to stretch
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in a bolder spirit, doubling the period, imagined
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from Mississippi. "Put the negro out," says the
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But the gentleman says that "his fathers and my
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dred millions of human beings held in slavery, "by
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already controls more than a third of the popular
branch, nearly one-half of the aristocratic branch
of the Legislature, more than half of the Cabinet
officers in the executive department, and five out
of nine of the judges of the supreme judicial tribunal?
Apportion the increase of population, according
to the Constitution, as you may, concede to the
free regions all advantage in relative growth that
you can, the stern fact yet remains of the constant
presence of an influence, animated by one will, and
looking to one purpose — that is, the preservation
of its claims, both to the pecuniary and the political
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Even if counted in the secondary light of a com-
mercial corporation, we have been told this session,
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joint stock of capital, even now, amounts to the
enormous sum of \$3,500,000,000; and, unlike most
other corporations, this capital is not only suscep-
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that its members controlled a few venal boroughs in
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stantly "by virtue of" his stock, in both Houses
of Congress, in the Cabinet of the executive, and
on the bench of the highest judicial court. They
help make, they execute, and they expound the laws
of the land. For my part, I must say that I have
never observed in any position of power, so fully
adapted to the establishment of a stupendous
oligarchy as this interlarding of the interests of a
single species of what is denominated property, with
all the ramifications of the political agencies in a
State.
Truly, then, has the gentleman said, we cannot
put the negro out, whom his fathers and our fathers
consented to put into the Constitution. I, for one,
add very frankly, I do not seek to put him out.
Whatever benefit may have been obtained by him
and his friends, from a fair construction of the in-
stitution, I have no intention to cut him out. On the
other hand, it should be observed that no ad-
vantage such as they enjoy can ever be long used
without the experience of a corresponding drawback.
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centrated, to produce the necessity of an
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FAREWELL WORDS OF THEODORE PARKER.

Now that the brave, manly, humane, upright Theodore Parker has seen "the last of earth," and ascended to a higher and nobler sphere of existence, the following concluding passages (full of thrilling pathos and deep serenity) from his "Experience as a Minister," contained in a letter from him to his Society, will be read at this time with special interest:

To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great Truths of Absolute Religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the Constitution of the Universe the common Law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the World of Matter, its use and beauty both, and from the World of Man, from human labors, sorrows, joys and everlasting hopes,—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Though Press and State, Market and Meeting-House, have been hostile to me, you have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that which Orthodox Mr. Beecher, who breaks with no theological tradition of the New England Church, inspires with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweet-spirited and the rose, and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New England hills, and to the loveliness of common life; I have given you my sermons in return, at once my labor and delight. My life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I, perhaps, myself—for a man's words are his face when excited in sermon and in prayer tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done. Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings on me the consciousness that I have fought to do, its most painful part, still, by long habit all things tell in this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the Tropics, their fiery skies so brilliant all the day, and starlit too with such exceeding beauty all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, as many-colored as a gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, dying for their young in the street, playing their languid games, or often screaming "neath their mother's blows, amid black swine, hens and uncounted dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrill than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, nullivorous kindness of our hostesses; and, overlooking all, the self-indulgent, West India Crore pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of thought,—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night, and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep they are ready for my pen. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

A sick man in his sleep.
Three pages, and then faltering?

The doctors cannot tell; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of Absolute Religion, which Human Nature demands, and offers, too, from the infinitely Perfect God, who dwells therein, while He transcends the Universe, Oh, that these were an Idea enlightening all men's minds, a feeling in their hearts, and Action in their outward life! Oh, that America's two and thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached "Fidelity and Moral-ity," and that Theology which is the Science of God and his two-fold Universe, and forgot their mythology and misguiding dreams! Then what a New World were ours! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labors of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover, that I shall labor at a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so urge my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too high, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congregation. With this I should be well content; and it was the ideal of my life.

In either of these cases, I see how the time of this illness, and the discipline alike of disappointment and recovery, would furnish me new power. Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and in my short-sighted folly, I said, "Oh, that I were wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up Discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I sowed in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment, and no sorrow. I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fair day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this Human Life, not ruled by Fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married to Love, each infinite! This has been, may be, if I recover wholly, or but in part, I see new sources of power beside these waters of affliction I have stooped at; I shall not think I have gone through "the Valley of Baca" in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle; many days also have been yet to be gained. One thing I am sure of: I have learned the wealth and power of the grateful, generous feeling of men, as I knew them not before, nor hoping on earth to find so rich. High as I have thought of Human Nature, I had not quite done justice to the present growth of these beautiful faculties. Here and now, as so oft before, I have found more treasure than I dreamed lay hidden where I looked.

But if neither of these hopes becomes a fact, if the silver cord part soon above the fountain, and the golden bowl be broken, let us not complain; a new bowl, and a stronger cord, shall serve the Well of Life for you. Though quite aware how probable this seems, believe me, I have not yet seen a single hour of sadness; trust me, I shall not. True, it is not pleasant to leave the plough broken in the furrow just begun, while the seed-corn smiles in the open sack, impatient to be sown, and the whole field promises such a rich return. To say farewell to the thousands I have loved to preach to, and pray with, now joyous, and fearful now,—it has its bitterness to me not eighty-four, but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love,—this is the bitter part. But if it be my lot, let not you nor me complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a Congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; some other will come in my place, perhaps without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social hostility which needs must oppress a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but sowed the wild weeds away, or have downed the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and make the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with grimmer light, with sower sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire, that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must have a bitter taste? If I have taught you any great Religious Truths, or roused therewith Emotions that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into Deeds, that your superior Religion may appear in your superior Industry, your Justice and your Charity, coming out in your housekeeping, and all manner of work. So when you

Course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook.
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in Good,
That shall survive his name and memory.

Let not fondness for me, now heightened by my illness, and my absence too, blind your eyes to cross

which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning, where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or Minister to Immortal Life, still let me be your Minister, to serve, never your Master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no farther, for, after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. "No man can feed us always," welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way. On earth, I shall not cease to be thankful for your Patience, which has borne with me so much and long; for your Sympathy, nearest when needed most, and the example of noble Christian Life, which I have found in some of you.

To whom is given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And never dreams it is a dream;
But hear, by secret transport led,
Even in the channels of the dead,
The murmur of the Fountain-head:
Bear and forbear, and never tire;
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire,
As looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face!

Here they add to my joy; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in Heaven.
May you be faithful to your own Souls; train up your Sons and Daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty; and to far cathedral heights of excellence, build up the Being that you are, with Feelings, Thoughts and Actions, that become a "glorious Human Creature," by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the Charities, which are twice blest, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and End of all that is, the Absolute Love, transcending time and space it fills, our FATHER, and our MOTHER too, will bless you each beyond your prayer, forever and forever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the Immortal Part, so hopes and prays
Your Minister and Friend,

THEODORE PARKER.
FREDERICKSTOWN, West-End, Santa Cruz, April 19, 1869.

DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER—COMMÉMORATIVE MEETING AT MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

SPEECH OF CHARLES M. ELLIS, ESQ.

Friends: I must speak; but least of that of which my heart is full. I knew Mr. Parker well, from the time of his going to West Roxbury. In his last letter to me he writes: "There has never been a day since I left home that I have not thought of your father and his dear ones. He is one of my oldest friends. His is the last house I was ever in at home, except my own. Again that trembling hand wrote; but the mortal eye of that friend, the first to welcome him there and here, was not to read the written words. Would that I could venture to try to pay tribute due to the friendship of so many years. But the day of his illness, and that of his death, the very hymn he chose, which we have just sung, open such recent sorrows and quick associations, that I must turn away from old memories of his home at Spring Street, over which the pines were always whispering; his library there, where that great soul was trained, mastering tools where to do the work of the world, and the fair parlor on which it looked; of his love for all without within; of the village church, with its silent finger and its little band; the Sabbath School; of Brook Farm, where we lived—its woods and fields, and stream of gold and gems, deeper and fairer in the pictures which the child, the boy doggerelers, than the poet or romancer can make them; of the old home—of the strolls there; of the free communion with men of the past and the present there opened; and from later and freer things, for they would lead to that of which I could not speak.

I remember, even before that, how his stalwart frame swept along the avenues of Divinity Hall. I remember the manner of his early preaching. In that was shown what I always thought was the chief element of his character and source of his power. He was often overcome by emotion; his utterance choked; tears flowed; his frame shook. It was beyond what was natural, even at that age. He has told us that "he preached only what he had himself experienced." Gigantic as his developed intellect became—great as were the treasures of learning he diffused—his greatest power was the native impulse of his soul—his affectional nature. No mind, no learning could express it. Though to the world they seemed solid as the ground, they only floated on its bosom.

Born on soil sacred to freedom—of stock culled in England, and trained for two centuries in the best physical and moral culture of the world—himself reared in schools not the costliest, but the best—taught the love of labor, self-reliance, absolute reverence for God and conscience—he surprised the world by the intellect that embraced, the will that moved it. But this only beat with the pulses of his mighty heart. I do not wish to vindicate all. But as the dust of earth shall fall, this element will justify much that is questioned now. He did not believe in calling black, white. Let time and truth judge his sayings. What he spoke in love will live. Do you not remember how, in his discourse on Adams—when the building shook, and his voice was silenced as the ice and snow fell like an earthquake before the sun of Spring—he wished it so with the character he was discussing—with what joy he reviewed the glorious labors of the long Indian summer of that life, the creature with which he hailed its closing act, summed up in that Saxon sentence, "the great Lord No of an old man going home to his God"? Is the wall of a true heart over powers perverted—the use of him who speaks in the cause of Humanity and God, to those who smite what they might save—to be condemned?

The Resolve that Theodore Parker should have a chance to be heard was more than the word of a friend, or a protest for religious freedom, or a plan for a free church. Before the South Boston sermon, it was known who and what was coming in this young preacher, who had said: "God still lives; man has lost none of his high nature"; and in his parable of Paul: "I shall walk by God's light, and fear not." It was thought that the new truth would be spread by his voice; perhaps not dreamed that one man could spread it so widely. But that simple Resolve, the seed of this Society, was dropped in faith that that truth would prevail—the mover of it having a year or two before, in a little book now forgotten, shown how it was the basis of all true art, criticism, society, morals, laws and religion. But of this Society: First—We may be content to leave almost all that is matter of discussion at this day whilst partisans define their positions, press their creeds, with a word which covers it all, *Vera pro gratis*. If truth be started, let it elide error.

Next—Let us look at what he created and did. He ascended to the sublime heights of philosophy and religion; by thought and study made clear to the intellect the truth that fired his soul, that "God is infinite Perfection, Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love," and plainly showed it to the world. He saw and showed how, historically and by nature, man grows in the light of love, and has his eyes opened to spiritual truth, as flowers beneath the sun. He took Truth from books and scholars, Religion from the temples and priests, and showed them to the world.

Calmly, and at length, alas with labor too great for that failing frame, thinking death near,—as he said, "up to his shoulders in his grave,"—he reviewed his work. He wished to live to round it off, hoping for the length of years and strength of his ancestors, but ready to pass the golden gates to immortal life. His work is fragmentary in relation to his idea, though so much is in itself complete. He tells us, that after his discourse of Matters Pertaining to "Religion," he formed a plan, and prepared for the afternoon and evening of his days, to show the "History of the Pro-

gressive Development of Religion among the leading Races of Mankind.

What a few in the groves of the academy, by the lamp of philosophy, in moments of vision had seen, had become to him so clear, that he would not only make it plain and prove it to the reason of men, but would traverse the history of the world, and show its growth; show how, by either method, analysis or synthesis, this one truth was the culmination of human thought. Well may we leave theology, Christologies, creeds, statutes, societies, to take care of themselves.

Success! For fifteen years a free church. This truth, embodied in labors for the dangerous, perishing, criminal classes; for education, woman, temperance, freedom, peace; its light thrown on the lives of our great men and heroes, put in volumes that will live with the English tongue; put into labors that now move and will move the American Church and State while they endure; set forth in a system of religion; a method of spiritual culture; shadowing a scheme of ethics; containing almost the only fit attempt to state the law of laws in the language. His thought, his labor, his life—these are success and triumph enough. After a life brief in years, but in labor how long! in stature how great! in purity how glorious on earth! his mortal robes lie under the skies of Italy. There let them repose, that pilgrims and patriots of the Old World and the New may go to a spot consecrated by blood that flowed thither from England through American veins.

He strove to give them up for a few years' labor more in the service of God and man, but in vain. The soul that was there was the world's. It speaks yet, and shall speak in pulpit and senate. Boston will thank him for the unequalled munificence of his charity; the Herculean labors of his ministry; the unsullied purity of his life. May he grow to see and live by his truth! last to have a just pride in being the home of this spiritual Columbus; forget his errors.

Men may raise monuments of stone; they will frame memorials more during in adamant speech; but who he stood here above the world's fading honors, and his tributes will outlast them all.

Our best tribute, here in the presence of the living spirit, the fittest in his sight, and the most lasting, will be the quiet row not to falter in his work, and, as we may, in Church, or Court, or State, or common life, to keep in sight the light he showed us, and follow his heavenly guidance.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

At the death of a good and admirable person, we meet to console and animate each other by the recollection of his virtues.

I have the feeling that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiographical. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed. In Plutarch's lives of Alexander and Pericles, you have the secret whispers of their confidence to their lovers and trusty friends. For it was each report of this kind that impressed those to whom it was told in a manner to secure its being told every where to the best, to those who speak with authority to their own times, and therefore to ours. For the political rule is a comical rule, that if a man is not strong in his own district, he is not a good candidate elsewhere.

He whose will will not be heard here again, could well afford to tell his experiences; they were all honorable to him, and were part of the history of the civil and religious liberty of his times. Theodore Parker was a son of the age, charged with the energy of New England, strong, eager, inquisitive of knowledge, of a diligence that never tired, upright, of a haughty independence, yet the gentlest of companions; a man of study, fit for a man of the world; with decided opinions and plenty of power to state them; rapidly pushing his studies so far as to leave few men qualified to sit at his feet. He elected his part of duty, or accepted nobly that assigned him in his rare constitution. Wonderful acquisition of knowledge, a rapid wit that heard all, and welcomed all that came, by seeing its bearing. Such was the largeness of his reception of facts, and his skill to employ them, that it looked as if he were some President of Council to whom a score of telegraphs were ever bringing in reports; and his information would have been excessive, but for the noble use he made of it, ever in the interest of humanity. He had a strong understanding, a logical method, a love for facts, a rapid eye for their historic relations, and a skill in stripping them of traditional lustres. He had a sprightly fancy, and often amused himself with throwing his meaning into pretty apologies; yet we can hardly ascribe to his mind the poetic element, though his scholarship had made him a reader and quoter of verses. A little more feeling of the poetic significance of his facts, would have disqualified him for some of his severer offices to his generation. The old religions have a charm for most minds which is a little uncanny to disturb. 'Tis sometimes a question, shall we not leave them to decay without rude shocks? I remember that I found some harshness in his treatment both of Greek and of Hebrew antiquity, and sympathized with the pain of many good people in his auditory, whilst I acquiesced him, of course, of any wish to be blipant. He came at a time when the irresistible march of opinion, the forms still retained by the most advanced sects showed loose and lifeless, and he, with something less of affectionate attachment to the old, or with more vigorous logic, rejected them. 'Tis objected to him that he scattered too many illusions. Perhaps more tenderness would have been grateful; but it is vain to charge him with perverting the opinions of the new generation. The opinions of men are organic. Simply, those came to him who found themselves expressed by him. And had they not met this enlightened mind, in which they believed their own opinions combined with zeal in every cause of love and humanity, they would have suspected their opinions and suppressed them, and so sunk into melancholy or malignity—a feeling of loneliness and hostility to what was reckoned respectable. 'Tis plain to me that he has achieved a historic immortality here; that he has woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor, in the State House, the proclamations of Governors, with their falling virtue—falling them at critical moments—that the coming generations will study what really befel, but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, that the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of elections that govern Governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of humanity, and came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course.

The vice charged against America is the want of sincerity in leading men. It does not lie at his door. He never kept back the truth, for fear to make an enemy. But, on the other hand, it was complained that he was bitter and harsh, that his zeal burned with too hot a flame. It is so difficult, in evil times, to escape this charge—for the faithful preacher most of all. It was his merit, like Luther, Knox, and Latimer, and John Baptist, to speak truth, when that was pre-emptory, and when there were few to say it. But his sympathy for goodness was not less energetic. One fault he had,—he overestimated his friends,—I may well say it, and sometimes vexed them with the impetuosity of his good opinion, whilst they knew better the ebb which follows unfounded praise. He was capable, it must be said, of the most unmeasured

eulogies on those he esteemed, especially if he had any jealousy that they did not stand with the Boston public as highly as they ought. His commanding merit as a reformer is this, that he insisted beyond all men in pulpits,—I cannot think of one rival,—that the essence of Christianity is its practical morals; it is there for use, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to gloss over municipal corruptions, or private intemperance, or successful fraud, or immoral politics, or unjust wars, or the cheating of Indians, or the robbery of frontier nations, or leaving your principles at home to follow on the high seas or in Europe a supple complaisance to tyrants,—it is a hypocrisy, and the truth is not in you; and no love of religious music, or of dreams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley, or of Jeremy Taylor, can save you from the Satan which you are.

His ministry fell on a political crisis also; on the years when Southern slavery broke over its old bonds, made new vast pretensions, and wrung from the weakness or treachery of Northern people fatal concessions in the Fugitive Slave Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Two days bitter in the memory of Boston, the days of the rendition of Sims and of Burns, made the occasion of his most remarkable discourses. He kept nothing back. In terrible earnest he denounced the public crime, and meted out to every official, high and low, his due portion. By the incessant power of his statement, he made and held a party. It was his great service to freedom. He took away the reproach of silent consent that would otherwise have lain against the indignant minority, by uttering in the hour and place wherein these outrages were done, the stern protest.

But whilst I praise this frank speaker, I have no wish to accuse the silence of others. There are men of good powers who have so much sympathy, that they must be silent when they are not in sympathy. If you don't agree with them, they know they only injure the truth by speaking. Their faculties will not play them true, and they do not wish to squawk and gibber, and so they shut their mouths. I can readily forgive this, only not the other, the false tongue which makes worse appear the better cause. There were, of course, multitudes to censure and to defend this truth-speaker. But the brave know the brave. Pops, whether in hotels or churches, will follow the pop's opinion, and faintly hope for the salvation of his soul; but his many enemies, who despised the pop, honored him; and it is well known that his great hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy—like the brave slaveholder and the brave slave-rescuer. These met in the house of this honest man—for every sound heart loves a responsible person, one who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things, but says one thing—now cheerfully, now indignantly—but always because he must, and because he sees that, whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him; and history, nature and all souls testify to the same.

Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave; the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

The sudden and singular eminence of Mr. Parker, the importance of his name and influence, are the verdict of his country to his virtues. We have few such men to lose; amiable and blameless at home, feared abroad as the standard-bearer of liberty, taking all the duties he could grasp, and never refusing to spare himself, he has gone down in early glory to his grave, to be a living and enlarging power, wherever learning, wit, honest valor and independence are honored.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The lesson of this death is Truth! That your brave teacher dared to speak, and go more. It is only two or three times in our lives that we pause in telling the whole merit of a friend, from fear of being thought flatterers. What the world thinks easily done, it believes; all beyond is put down to fiction. I find myself hesitating to speak just all I think of THEODORE PARKER, lest those who did not know him should suppose I flatter, and thus I mar the massive simplicity of his fame.

Born on the 24th of August, 1810, he died just before finishing his fifth year. He said to me, years ago, "When I am fifty, I will leave the pulpit, and finish the great work I have planned." God ordered it all! He has left this desk, and gone there to finish the great work that he planned! Some speak of his death as early; but he died in good old age, if we judge him by his work,—full of years, if not of years,—a long life crowded into few years; as Bacon says, "Old in hours, for he lost no time." Truly, he lost not an hour, from the early years when, in his sweet, plain phrase, he tells us "his father let the baby pick up chips, drive the cows to pasture, and carry hods of corn to the oxen"—far on to the closing moment when, faint and dying, he sent us his blessing and brave counsel last November, dated fifty from Rome. God granted him life long enough to see of the labor of his hands. He planted broadly, and lived to gather a rich, ripe harvest. His life, too, was a harmonious whole:—

—when brought
Among the tasks of real life, he wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote tells the child's story, then which, he says, "no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me." "A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home." A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when "a voice within said, 'it is wrong.' I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'"

Out of that fearful mother's arms grew your pulpit. Here in words—every day in the streets, by deeds, during a hard life, he repeated and obeyed her counsel.

Of that pulpit, its theology, and its treatment by Unitarian divines, many and Christian lips spoke to us two weeks ago. It is not for me, even if there were need, to touch on it. Born in that faith, and nurtured in similar maxims of the utmost liberty and the duty of individual investigation and thought, I used it to enter other paths. Mine is the old faith of New England. On those points, he and I rarely talked. What he thought, I hardly know. For myself, standing beneath the Gospel rule of "judging men by their fruits," I should have felt stronger in defending my own faith, could I have pointed to any preacher of it who as gently judged and as truly loved his fellow-men. As to doctrines, we both knew that "the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue"; that, of course, a man's conception of truth is only

his opinion, and not, necessarily, absolute truth. But it is always safe and wise for honest and earnest men to seek for truth everywhere and at all hazards. The results, if not wholly and only good, are yet the best things within our reach.

The lesson of Theodore Parker's preaching was love. Let me read for you a sonnet still among his poems:—

Oh, Brother! who for us didst meekly wear
The Crown of Thorns about thy radiant brow;
What Gospel from the Father didst thou bear;
Our hearts to cheer, making us happy now?
'Tis this alone, the immortal Savior cries,
To fill thy heart with ever-active love;
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,
Love for thy Brother here, thy God above;
Fear nothing ill, 'twill finish in its day.
Live for the Good, taking the ill thou must;
Toil with thy might, with manly labor pray,
Living and loving learn thy God to trust,
And He will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just.

Standing in these old ways, I cannot but suspect these Unitarian pulpits of some latent and cowardly distrust of their own creed, when Lee that if one comes from them to the Orthodox ranks, and believes a great deal more than they do, he is treated with reverence; but let him go out on the other side, and believe a very little less, and the whole startled body join in begging the world not to think them naturally the parents of such horrible and dangerous heresy!

But there is one thing every man may say of this pulpit. It was a live reality, and no sham. Whether tearing theological idols to pieces at West Roxbury, or here, battling with the every-day evils of the streets, it was ever a live voice, and no mechanical or parrot tune; ever fresh from the heart of God, as these flowers, these lilies—the last flower over which, when eyesight failed him, with his old gesture, he passed his loving hand and said, "How sweet!" Like that story he loved so much to tell, of Michael Angelo, when in the Roman palace Raphael was drawing his figures too small, he sketched a colossal head of fit proportions, and taught Raphael his fault. So Parker criticized these other pulpits, not so much by censure as by creation; by a pulpit proportioned to the hour—broad as humanity, frank as truth, stern as justice, and loving as Christ.

Here is the place to judge him. In St. Paul's cathedral, the epitaph says, if you would know the genius of Christopher Wren, "look around." Do you ask proof how full were the hands, how large the heart, how many-sided the brain, of your teacher—listen, and you will hear it in the glad, triumphant certainty of your enemies, that you must close these doors, since his place can never be filled! Do you ask proof of his efficient labor and the good soil into which that seed fell—gladden your eyes by looking back and seeing for how many months the impulse his vigorous hand gave you has sufficed, spite of boding prophecy, to keep these doors open! Yes, he has left those accustomed to use weapons, and not merely to hold up his hands. And not only among yourselves. From another city, I received a letter, full of deep feeling, and the writer, an orthodox church-member, says:—

"I was a convert to Theodore Parker before I was a convert to—". If there is anything of value in the work I am doing to-day, it may, in an important sense, be said to have had its root in Parker's heresy. I mean the habit, without which orthodox stands enunciated and good for nothing, or independently passing on the empty and rotten pretensions of churches and churchmen, which I learned earliest and more than from any other, from Theodore Parker. He has my love, my respect, my admiration."

Yes, his diocese is broader than Massachusetts. His influence extends very far outside these walls. Every pulpit in Boston is freer and more real to-day because of the existence of this. The fan of his example scattered the chaff of a hundred sages years. Our whole city is fresher to-day because of him. The most sickly and timid soul under yonder steeple, hidden in days and forms and beggarly Jewish elements, little dreams how ten times worse and narrower it was before this sun warmed the general atmosphere around. As was said of Burke's unsuccessful impeachment of Warren Hastings, "never was the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, more completely obtained. Hastings was acquitted, but tyranny and injustice were condemned wherever English was spoken." So we may say of Boston and Theodore Parker. Grant that few adopted his extreme theological views—that not many sympathized in his politics; still, that Boston is nobler, purer, braver, more loving, more Christian to-day, is due more to him than to all the pulpits that vex her Sabbath air. He raised the level of sermons intellectually and morally. Other men were compelled to grow in many thought and Christian morals in very self-defense. The droning routine of dead metaphysics or dainty morals was gone. As Christ preached of the fall of the tower of Siloam the week before, and what men said of it, in the streets of Jerusalem, so Parker rang through our startled city the news of some fresh crime against humanity—some slave hunt, or wicked court, or prostituted official—till frightened audiences actually took bond of their new clergyman that they should not be tormented before their time!

Men say he erred on that great question of our age—the place due to the Bible. Perhaps so. But William Crafts, one of the bravest men who ever fled from our culture to Victoria, writes to a friend: "When the slave-hunters were on our track, and no other minister, except yourself, came to direct our attention to the God of the oppressed, Mr. Parker came with his wise counsel, and told us where and how to go; gave us money—but that was not all—he gave me a weapon to protect our liberties, and a Bible to guide our souls. I have that Bible now, and shall ever prize it most highly."

How direct and frank his style—just level to the nation's ear! No man ever needed to read any one of his sentences twice to catch its meaning. None suspected that he thought other than he said, or more than he confessed.

Like all such men, he grew daily—never too old to learn. Mark how closer to actual life, how much bolder in reform, are all his later sermons—especially since he came to the city—every year a step

—forward, persevering to the last,
From me to better, daily self-surpassed.

There are men whom we measure by their times—content and expecting to find them subdued to what they work in. They are the chameleons of circumstance; they are Eolian harps, tuned by the breeze that sweeps over them. There are others, who serve as guide-posts and land-marks—we measure their times by them. Such was Theodore Parker. Hereafter the critic will use him as a meta-wind, to measure the heart and civilization of Boston. Like the Englishman, a year or two ago, who suspected our great historian could not move in the best circles of the city, when it dropped out that he did not know Theodore Parker, distant men gauge us by our toleration and recognition of him. Such men are our Nilometers; the harvest of the future is according to the height that the food of our loves rises from them. Who cares now that Harvard vouchsafed him no honors! But history will save the fact to measure the calculating and prudent bigotry of our times.

Some speak of him as only a bitter critic and harsh prophet. Pulpits and journals after their plain speech in mentioning him under the example of what they call his "unsparing candor." Do they feel that the strangeness of their free speech, their unusual frankness, needs apology and example? But he was far other than a bitter critic; though thank God for every drop of that bitterness which came like a whole-some rebuke on the dead, saltless sea of American life! Thank God for every indignant protest, for every Christian admonition that the Holy Spirit breathed through those many lips! But if he deserved any single word, it was "generous." Generous vir is the description that leaps to the lip of every critic. He

was generous of money. Born on a New England farm, in those days when small incomes made every dollar a matter of importance, he no sooner had a demand of wealth than he lived with open hands. Not even the darling ambition of a great library ever tempted him to close his ear to need. Go to Vienna, or to Frankfurt or to Paris, and ask the refugees who have gone home,—when here friends exiles but for him,—under whose roof they found a home! One of our oldest and best teachers once told me, that telling him once, in the cars, of a young lad of rare mathematical genius, who could read Lagrange, and whose narrow means debared from the University—'Let him enter,' said Theodore Parker; 'I will pay his bills.'

No sect, no special study, no one idea branded his sympathy; but he was generous of judgment, when a common man would have found it hard to win. Though he does not go down to dust without his fame, though Oxford and Germany sent him the old grand names of our land, no honors from University or learned Academy, greeted his name, against his admission to scientific bodies for his ideas, the Academy;—and yet, thus ostracized, he was the most generous, more than just, interpreter of the motives of those about him, and looked on with calm regard where he saw, and with generous joy in their success. Patiently analyzing character and justice in marshalling facts, he stamped with generous now that the soreness of the battle is over, fitted and flow it.

He was generous of labor,—he never served to excuse him from any, the humblest work. Though 'living wisdom with each studious year,' and passionately devoted to his desk, as truly as was said of Milton, "the lowliest duties on himself he laid," what drudgery of the street did that scholarly hand ever refuse? Who so alone and constant as he in the trenches, when a slave case made our city a camp of timidity, but joined hands with every scholar. Erasmus would have found him good company, and Melancthon got brave help over a Greek manuscript; but the likeliest place to have found him in that age would have been at Zwingle's side, on the battle-field, pierced with a score of fanatic spears. For, above all things, he was terribly in earnest. If I might to paint him in one word, I should say he was always in earnest.

I spoke once of his diligence, and we call him tireless, unflagging, unrelenting. But they are commonplace words, and poorly describe him. What we usually call diligence in educated men does not, does not even the day-laborer in ceaselessness of toil. No scholar, not even the busiest, but lingers out from his weary books, and feels ashamed by the hollow air of the plough-boy. The society and amusements of every life eat up and beguile one-half our time. Those on whose lips and motions hang crowds of busy ideas, submit to life-long discipline—almost every hour a lesson. Those on whose tones the most precious truth, disdain an effort. The table you write on the fruit of more toil and more thorough digestion than the brain of most of our scholars ever knew. Let us not cheat ourselves with such a 'no shores,' ever distanced this unrelenting him. He brought into his study that conscientious, living industry which six generations had handed down to him on the hard soil of Massachusetts. He loved work, and I doubt if any workman in our country equalled him in thoroughness of preparation. Before he wrote his review of Prescott, he went conscientiously through all the printed histories of that period

